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THE CROWN JEWELS.

A TALE OF LONDON AND PARIS.

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CHAPTER I.

London! A cold, stormy night at the close of December. A dense fog enveloped the city and the river. There was no moon, and the long ranges of lamps in the streets scarcely radiated light thirty feet around their oculars. Carriages, wagons, omnibuses, vehicles of all sorts, moved slowly and cautiously, for the fog, mingled with the night, added to which were the wild winds that found their way into the crevices between the glass and the frame-work of the lanterns, and fitted them almost out, made the streets of London as dark as the streets of Karnac and Luxor of ancient Egypt.

This was the night upon which our story opens.

At intervals—an unusual sight at this season of the year—a dull gleam of lightning, from what quarter of the heavens no man could tell, as the murky gloom was all around and over head, gleamed through this black fog, and shed a fearful, and, as it were, a deeper gloom over the city. No one walked the streets who could remain within; and the carriages and wagons unable to be guided by their drivers through the thronged thoroughfares, by narrow side streets, and lanes, and unused alleys, to escape from the great channels of travel; for all over London every few minutes were simultaneously heard upsetting noise and confusion, incalculable knots of horsemen, hackney-coaches, cabriolets, carts, drays and wagons, causing as great and fearful scenes of conflict and struggling of masses against masses as in the city were taken by storm, and the citizens were resisting, as every point, the progress of their dreadful foe.

It was a night long to be remembered in London, not only for its supernatural darkness, but for the number of those who perished in those simultaneous battles for right of way. Not less than thirty dead corpses were taken from beneath wagons whose like might of horrors, and conveyed to the "morgue" of the police.

If the strange darkness had not kept the people housed, the terrible storm of wind and rain that swept through the streets, especially along those near the Thames, would have deterred every one who could continue under shelter to keep in doors. By ten o'clock, two hours after night, the streets were tenanted mainly drowned, dead men, or pitiowless, the restless, the guilty, the robber, and the policemen were abroad.

"A black night, this," said one of the policemen to his fellow of the beat, as they met at the corner of the Strand and a dark alley that opened into it.

"A black night you may well call it! London looks as if the sky had fallen down and covered us all up. It will go hard on the river with 'em!"

"Yes—what with the fog and the pitch dark-ness, the craft will be sinking one another by the score!"

At this moment a man, passing swiftly, struck heavily with his left shoulder against the speaker.

"Beg pardon!" he said, in the tone of a gentleman; "but I could not see you!"

"A man that can't see should not leave a tit more exerted, or he'll break his own head and other people's shoulders," growled the policeman.

The stranger, who was middle age, a cloak, and with his hat shrouded, as if to defy both the storm and scrutiny, passed on, and disappeared in the impenetrable gloom ere he had got ten feet from them.

"A lord, that," said the policeman. "But then he might walk slower."

"Do you know him?" inquired his companion, listening as if he heard some distant sound that demanded his official attention.

"I know only it's an earl they call Lord Inglis."

"The great sporting nobleman? I've heard of him. What sparrow now yonder? There is another flock of them, and that night beggar!"

"They only send me out when it is cold and rainy, sir, because they say people will pity more for a beggar than a policeman!"

"These people—these calculating, wicked ones, are not your parents, child!"

"I've got no father nor mother, sir! These people only keep me."

"And what do they give you?"

"Bread, and ale, and water, and straw to sleep on—and I give 'em all I beg."

"And has that sweet face, wandering all over London, aiding laymen, never before a crime or the eye of any kind Christian gentleman? But go! Remember to come again to-morrow night! For I mean to be your good friend. How old are you, my dear child?"

"Thirteen, sir."

"And what is your name?"

"Ida."

"A sweet name, and just suited to your oval face and blue eyes! Do you know the way home?"

"Home?" she repeated, with a tone of surprise.

"You do not know what the word means, I dare say?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know how to get back again where you lodge?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I think so! But it is so dark and foggy!"

THE GATHERING IN THE TAR-ROOM OF THE "JACK."

You are young and pale, and as lovely as wretched! You do not look like a pickpocket!"

"Indeed I am not, sir!"

"Why did you run, and yet your hand in my pocket?"

"I did not mean to, sir. I could not see—and I should have fallen down. I only tried to hold myself up."

"Why did you run so fast, when it is so dangerous to move in the fog?" he asked, still holding her by the arm, and looking steadily into her face, for its singular beauty, with all its silence of crying, amazed him, inasmuch as her dress was ragged, her head bare, her hair wet with rain, and blowing wildly in the wind, and her small, white feet shoeless.

"I was afraid of the two policemen, sir."

"Innocence never runs from policemen, child!"

"I asked one of them for a lollypop, sir, and he spoke gruffly, and frightened me, and said he would look me up if I begged, and so I ran away as fast as I could!"

"I passed those two men. And why do you beg such a night as this, and ask for lollypops, my child?" he asked, kindly.

"Please, sir, I dare not tell!"

"Dare not? Come out of the storm under this arch, and tell me?"

"No, sir," she answered, "I am afraid to tell, and please, sir, let me go!"

"Why do you not ask me for a ha'penny before you go?"

"Because, sir—I—I'd rather not! I'm ashamed to ask a gentleman."

"Surely, you are not a poor woman's child, with such a face and such language!"

"I dare not tell, sir! They would keep me in the water-dungeon if I should tell! Please let me go! I am so cold and chilly!"

"Poor child! I cannot let you go in this way! I feel a singular interest in you! Take this piece of silver and make me a promise!"

"Yes, sir."

"That you will come at this very arch to-morrow night at this time—how the church-clock is striking ten!—that is the hour you must be here! Now I have pressing affairs near by; but I must see and know more of you, for, as I gave you sire, a poor victim of tyranny, you shall find in me a friend. Will you come, then?"

"I will, sir. You speak so kind, I would go all over London to find you again!"

"Go now, and give this money to those who sent you forth that cheat with their begging!"

"They only send me out when it is cold and rainy, sir, because they say people will pity more for a beggar than a policeman!"

"These people—these calculating, wicked ones, are not your parents, child!"

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"Do you know how to get back again where you lodge?"

"Oh, yes, sir, I think so! But it is so dark and foggy!"

She scarcely heard them but words for a blast of wind at the moment roared through the arch, and nearly took them from their feet. When he recovered his position he—she—the child—was missing, and disappeared without a word more.

He pulled out his watch, stood him, and walking rapidly down the archway, said to himself—

"The child tells me God! She moved to trust me, and did not run away from me as she did from those policemen. I am not wholly a devil! I find I have got a heart that beats with humanity, and feels with tenderness! But I must go forward! I am driven by this night decides my destiny for real as one! I know not, till I hurl this self-evident and interesting little heathen out beggar girl, that I had my emotion left. Thank God, my heart is not all ever—all iron!"

A man here met him, beneath a lamp which was surrounded over a portico entrance opening on the right side of the archway, up a flight of stairs.

"Sir Paul Varney?"

"Yes, my Lord. I did not at the first sight know you. We are well met," said the stranger. "I hardly looked for you to meet your engagement, and accept my challenge, such a night as this!"

"Sir Paul, had the skies rained fire instead of water, and the air were dark with the thick breath of pestilence instead of fog, I should have kept such a promise as stands between me and this

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guard upon with as deep an interest as ever did Prospect watched the restless *c'ushrawe* of knights whose speedwells in royal tournaments sought the glory each sither's hearse!

Fifty thousand pounds on a side! A quarter of a million of dollars staked at one cast of the dice! It is not to be wondered at that this fashionable event was thronged this night, with all the gold and rank as it was around, with the leading gamblers, and the most desperate men of one hundred years' standing as this London! for shall we disguise the truth that the nobility of the realm of England are really the princes and kings of her gambling halls. Four men named Fraquair, each gorgeous palaces of wonder and of pleasure, in which persons have gained their gold too hardly at the cast to cast it away upon a die! But today—for the reader may by their guineas by inheritance; the sons and daughters of the nobles toil not, neither do they spin, and never having gained their gold by the sweat of their brow, they part with it with the light laugh upon their lips. It is such who frequent the gaming halls, and who place coolly ten thousand pounds, the rent of one hundred poor tenants, upon a card painted with a red diamond-shaped spot, and named the "Queen of Hearts." Only fancy, who presides at such tables as counter as *prima*, could give such fictitious value to a piece of pasteboard. And look!—look at the face of the Spaniard! hath it; recognize the great mystery that the art of clubs, a piece of pasteboard, three and a half inches long and two inches wide, is worth a king's ransom, managed by the cipher, supreme fifty thousand pounds in the hand above!

But to our great play! Lord Inglis placed upon the box of diamonds the fifty thousand pounds! It was not in one note, but in five, of ten thousand pounds each. He had that day converted by mortgage and sale, all he was worth into bank notes, on which he promised to meet Sir Paul Varney, feeling to reserve the five hundred thousand pounds he had lost within a few weeks past to him and to others.

"My Lord," said several of his friends, "do not in one stake all! Sir Paul is not a gamester! He plays not so much for gain as for pastime. He will consent to a ten thousand stake at a time!"

"Whatever Lord Inglis stakes I will meet," was his reply as he laid upon the card!" said Sir Paul, with courtesy, and an air of indifference.

"I come here to play against Sir Paul Varney for fifty thousand pounds," continued Lord Inglis! "and I decline staking a less sum! I have never have laid on the card! I am sure of winning!" added, with haughty confidence.

"I hope you may, my lord," answered Sir Paul, with a smile of kindness. "I do not wish to ruin your lordship; for, as I do not want your gold, I do not wish it!"

"Sir Paul Varney, I came hither to play, and not to prate!" answered the noble, with quick ire.

Sir Paul Varney's eyes flashed, but his lips, and the color of his face, and the tone of his voice changed not, as he said, quietly—

"I am ready, my lord!"

The betting now commenced. The excitement of the throng was intense. Not only the players but the keepers of the table seemed to feel the mysterious spell, and were looking on with intense interest.

It it not our purpose to enter into the details of a stake at faro, as reporters record all the details of a race upon the turf, or a prize-fighter at chess. We will record only the results of one of the most exciting nights's play ever known, or, we do, not only on account of the rank of the players, but their immense fortunes, their remarkable resemblance in form, face, and features, to each other, but the unparalleled amount of the stake placed upon the board.

The result was that Sir Paul Varney was the winner!

No sooner was the fact announced in the dreadful voice of the chief croupier (for the head of the gaming-house assumed the functions of presiding at this challenge-board) than every eye sought the countenance of Lord Inglis; and he was spied by pity, others with curiosity, others with cold indifference; yet nothing in his face betokened who had not only lost fifty thousand pounds on one card, but who was thereby made a beggar! The face of Conqueror has well revealed their terrible scrutiny! for at such a moment the eyes of the fairest seem to steal the color from it; they show no pity—only triumph and pleasure over his fall!

Pale as the marbles that stood in the silent, short hall, and motionless as the stood Inglis the last of Conqueror, before the table! His eyes were fixed, with a wild, awful stare of fixed horror, upon the pile of notes and gold that Clod du Croupiers was cautiously making towards him across the board. His lips were compressed, and his hands inwalled, and his whole visage was suddenly transformed into that of a stranger—for none of his intimate friends, as they gazed upon him, recognized in that awful, despairing, wild, regardless face, those of the gentle scholars with the aged look of contrition, as in a moment of time, the features of Lord Inglis. At last the croupier, who seeks a general exclamation arose from the throng, and while some few hastily hurried away with a light word of witticism, and others uttered "God," "madness," and others, "Mint and dispatch!" and others, "Shame!" and others, "Shame!" at the other tables, there were a few who lingered and looked compassionately upon the man, and during their heads, expressed to each other their regret that he had not left the room as he also left and resumed their play; but there were two or three humorous observations, as if regarding some tragedy to be enacted in the adjoining room or one said to another—

"It will blow his brains out! Let us wait a moment."

"He will swallow poison! See—he feels in his pocket! Doubtless he prepared himself for poison for two!"

"He may kill himself with a dagger! Let us witness it!"

And so three fashionably-dressed young men of title, with morbid taste for the horrible (which too frequently and been gratified in that very place), lingered, hoping what they thought probable, that Lord Inglis de Conqueror would have spoke nor moved from the door-step in which he was standing when he realized his dreadful loss. He looked like a dead corpse upon its feet! But one friend came near him, and she was the nobleman with the hunter's watch! He laid his hand gently upon the arm of the sufferer, and said—

"Conqueror—my dear Lord Inglis—look on me! Do not take it so dreadfully! It is, you know, but the fortune of play!"

The nobleman turned round his head and fastened his dizzy eyes upon him, but wholly without recognization in them.

"Who art thou, man?" he asked, in a hollow voice.

"Thy friend, de Beresford—Gilbert Beresford, my dear lord!"

"I should! then were Paul Varney! yet I see I am wrong! But at first I thought so! for I saw everywhere, and in all the world, but one face—and that was my evil angel! What didst thou tell my name was? Pardon me, but I do not see well! The vapor of the room hath dimmed the eyes of this Varney looking out of them!"

"Nay, my lord, I am not Sir Paul!"

"No! I go with no man! I trust no man! Paul Varney has taken my gold—all, all! and then, friend, wouldst take my soul!"

Lord Gilbert de Beresford looked to see if Sir Paul Varney heard him utter these words, as his fat and full of woe and pitifulness; but beheld the baronet bending up his ball, amid a crowd of flatters and flatteress, who did servile homage to him as the "Conqueror of Conquerors!" and as the new, thinking only of his "glory," let not a thought of his victim trouble the placidity of his soul.

CHAPTER II.

THE MASK.

"Ruined! Lost—lost! I am poised!" were the words which were wrung from the lips of Lord Conqueror, as he stood once more beneath the dark archway which led from the hall of the gambling hall. Those who would have followed him forth to his misery, and to his death, in the marble silence which he had sustained in the presence of men, and beneath the roof, he sealed up all emotion—as a shield of ice lays upon a fountain, locking up its waters—was now broken in the solitude and darkness of the night, and he was himself again! Staggered in a single night! Caused full from the edge of wealth to the very depths of poverty! My child—my poor, noble, proud babe! how shall I meet thee? Thou, who hast been a very strayed your happiness and hopes forever! I shall go mad! The bills of honor I should pay store me like mocking demons! I have not in the world no only a Newgate prison and disgrace! Approve the chimney-piece! Ha! a pistol! Is there not at me, while heels will serve! Would that this darkness, which now covers me and half the globe, would never lift! World that do I care of Time, which revolves to bring to-morrow, would rest upon the night! Oh, that I could sleep—sleep now—to-morrow! I cannot—I dare not—I will not meet it. Ah! yes I will! I will go to the table in my firm grasp the power to end this life ere the morrow dawn—for dawn it will—power to escape the shame that now awaits me! The ghastliness of life is mine—but Varney's! No power lies in dice or gold to take it from me! Ha! ha! ha! I am a madman—He all that remains—and I will use it! No—to-morrow I will pay my debts of honor! Having squabbles, shames, infamies, dreads and torments! I can laugh at them, O, morrow! With the power to die in my hand! Ha! ha! ha! I will and defy them, with all thy horrors!"

As the nobleman thus spoke, he waved his hands above and about his head with strange gestures of defiance, and strode out of the dark path, and rapidly made his way down the street. His step, his air and manner, were those of a man desperate and resolved. He had moved but a little way, concealing his features by the cape of his cloak, as he passed the door of the gaming-house, for fear his look guided by some one behind. He looked around on all sides, as he moved on, and some little girl whom he had encountered on entering the gambling-house.

"What—you again?" he demanded, fiercely.

"You told me to come again, sir—"

"But not to-night!"

"I thought you said to-night. I have been looking, sir—for many hours—and you told me to come out—"

"What did you do for it?" he said, in a softened tone, as he noticed her trembling form, and felt the plaintive tones of her sweet, and voice enter his heart.

"I was afraid to go home without something, sir! And you spoke so kind, I thought I'd come again, and you would help me, I stayed till you came out!"

The card passed a moment in his rapid walk, and hurriedly produced his pockets, and gave a piece of gold, not glancing it in her hand, and kindly—

"Go—buy food and wind you need! It is all I have, child, and would give it all!"

"Oh, sir, now! I shall be so happy—"

"Happy! That child was thrown made a blessing! I were thee! Go—but—no—say! Come hither!"

The child advanced hesitatingly, and closely concealing the money in her clenched fingers, as if it feared he had repented it, and was about to wished to take it from her. They were at the moment stopping beneath the dark archway which led to a narrow alley that led down to the Thames. At this moment the clock of a neighboring church tower tolled two and three-quarters. He started.

"What I do must be done quickly," he said, as he took from his pocket-book a card, and wrote on the flickering light, with a pencil, a few lines.

"Do you know where St. Asaph church is?" he asked the little girl, as the chilly wind blew her hair and her rags wildly about her face and figure.

"Yes and yes! and good and kind—"

"Yes, sir."

"Take this note to the fifth house from the corner near the Palace. On the door-knocker you will see a little crape. Knock twice, and the door and the number is over the gate—22. If you are grateful to me for this money, you need but it, and leave there this paper. Let no one see it but those of my daughter. You must ask for her, and place it in her hands. Will you do it?"

"Yes, sir. I will be sure and do it—you are so good, and have given me so much money."

"Go, then—farewell! Let me prove thy hand!"

He took her hand, and pressing it between his own, left her, and, as he thought, forever.

"It is the last time I shall hold in my grasp a human hand. It is exerting for the last time with minds me to my species. Now, Death—welcome thy cold grasp!"

He hurried down the lane which led to the river. The dark waters rolled by, rushing beneath London bridge, near which he came, with sullen roar. It was the dead hour of the night, ere the deep sleep of the early morning is broken. Here and there burned a light upon some barge or vessel's deck; but there was no sound of laborers or of men. A dead look dwelt upon the water, and its crowded and packed fleets of motionless hulls. He swiftly moved on in the direction of the bridge, and in a few moments stopped near its center, leaning over the stone parapet he gazed down into the black and swift stream. Here and there a star, looking through a rent in the fog, faintly was reflected upon its surface.

"This, then, is Lethe! Beneath this wave I can but firmly, as if his thoughts were wild and excited. Upon the table by his side lay a heavy pistol, which he had just been examining, and placed there as if satisfied with his scrutiny.

By the fire-place not far off sat the host of the "Bell," who, from a well-known chapter in his history, was known as "Benny Boy Paul," a sobriquet he effected to be proud of instead of wounding. It intimated that he had seen the world, and had had "experience," and was an old bird, no longer to be caught with chaff. And although Paul was ever ready to give advice and counsel to his customers, and even to let loose upon society his against the peace and weal of society most dangerous bird, he looked as if any bullet familiarly would to go so far as to compromise himself. "He had no hankering after the bungal tiger," was his invariable reply, and he did not care about going a second voyage across the sea to gaze upon his visage.

Paul was at ease in the world, laying up money by his inn for a rainy day, and had grown fleshy around the chin and about the abdomen, with good fare. He now sat by the fire-place in a huge, high-backed, arm-chair, that he never Jack Falstaff had office on it, and, "for that matter, and a less matter, Prince Hal, too." He was not a smoker in the parlor as he had no love of a stomach for tobacco—but a can of ale rested upon the hearth-stone by the side of his fat grips. To seem Paul in this attitude, with his ruddened face, his portly person wrapped in his jacket covered a convict's bad heart, and the thoughts of the hanging lock of hair which he kept carefully locked up in his purse, was beyond deep belief! Such a fiery brier "it!"

Paul was smoking his one-armed pipe—a face out of the corner of his dull, bluish eyes, but his head was not. He looked—he watched the one-armed man and his eyes upon the table—the old-time cloak, which was beginning its warming process, and he was striking the bell.

"No late!" he exclaimed, before the first stroke of the hammer was given, "no late, and yet the time he was here! If he should turn coward, and not come!"

"Not be—not be, Captain!" answered Paul, with emphasis. "There's no fear in that blood I've seen in battle. It's a thick, dark blood, and a man can't move so fast, you know."

"Ha! ha! ha! Paul, you're humorous—"

"Which is to make your fortune, as well as his."

"A desperate venture—a desperate venture, master! and the scars seem to tell it, as well as the ale-pot!"

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"A desperate venture—a desperate venture, master! and the scars seem to tell it, as well as the ale-pot!"

"Paul, I shall be well paid—"

"Well paid, and something over and Paul, plainly, as he half-emptied his mug. "Friend, when you've been in the trade, as I have, and seen as I've seen in the country, and lead a virtuous life, I am a man to trust. Some men think a transported man must go to the devil at once, and there's an end of it. Let me once get the five thousand pounds the nobleman has to pay me, and I'll go to America, and I'll be as honest a man as a church-warden in a month! Five thousand! It's a fortune to a rogue. Enough's enough, Captain, and we must remember our judgment-day."

"What a comfort it is to reveals you could get up, Botany, if you chose to take to theology," answered the Captain, with a devilish sneer upon his dark and crime-crossed face. "Hark! there are steps! Paul, to my post! I scent a customer! Ha! ha! villains' stroke!"

The host rose to conceal a door which led upon the gallery, and the lamp shining through it upon the water, revealing a barge with six men in, just pushing off from the shore in order to be in readiness to moment it struck gently with its bow the lower stair.

"All right!" demanded the captain, as he met the nobleman at the stairs from it.

"All right, Captain!" answered the other, in a voice which betrayed the fever of a man, yet in an under-key as if he did not wish to be overheard.

"Come in; let the men remain to their oars, and Paul will see to the baggage. Ay, the portmanteau is now and then passing up and down. Did you bring it, my lord?"

"Yes, sir," answered the young man, as he reappeared in the lighted room with the captain. "It is in the stern-sheets."

"And all well armed?"

"Yes," and a brace of pistols and a cutlass. As for myself, you see!" And he threw open the cloak, and displayed an jacket of black velvet, and displaying, momentarily, a brace of pistols and a dagger in his belt.

"You'll take a cas, George," said the host of the "Bell," going to the triangular cupboard in the corner of the room, and taking out a case bottle. "It is a raw night on the water, and you have pull and sail of something under your feet—a olde cold iron, would do you good."

"Yes, yes, Paul," said the young man, "we may leave we could not see a host's laugh; but the wind that has come up the river breaks it away; and I am afraid we shall have some light to row down to the Tow—"

"Which nobleman have ears! Name no names nor places," said the captain, laying his only hand upon the young man's arm, "Paul is true, but we need none for our purpose. Once in the mid-stream I can shape our course by the current. Paul, a glass of gin and water for me, and—"

"Yes—a good Lon'on fog for a chaul, ay, I, to keep out the cold—Captain, master," remarked the host.

"Ten minutes past twelve!" said the captain, as the clock again rent his eye. "It is time to be sure—"

At this moment a sound as if a handful of gravel were tossed against the window was heard. The host and all crossed the room to the door.

"Were he is," added the captain. "But make sure before you open."

"Up or down?" demanded Paul, in a suppressed voice, from the side on which he stood, to the door.

"Down," was answered from without, in the same suppressed voice.

"Our man," continued Paul, with certainty, and the next moment the heavy chain and lock were put from without, and two persons wrapped, to the eyes, one in a cloak, the other in a thick shawl, entered the room. The latter first made his way, when the door was instantly closed and bolted. The man with a cloak remained standing, and from his deeply-shaded brow, nor his cloak from his mouth until he had cast a rapid and assured survey around the room. He then dropped his gray cloak, which was heavy with the night mist, and revealed the face of a tall man of about forty, with graceful young gentleman, not more than six-and-twenty. His tall and bending wave of dark curls sank and tone which confusedly belonge to the British aristocracy; a combination of haughtiness not one of arrogance and courtesy, of cold dismission and reserve. His face was singularly handsome, and yet pale as marble, and worn likewise of with anxiety and the restlessness of a guilty conscience. It was an expression of age without years! Both the captain and Paul touched their foreheads with deference, and yet with a sort of familiarity, as if they acknowledged the man but made no sign of recognition of him, and evidently was ignorant of his name or rank, if rank he had. His companion in the shawl, a short, thick fellow, remained standing in the back ground, still muffled to the eyes.

"I am glad to find you here, Captain," he said, nodding but responding in that refined and thoroughbred tone of voice which can only be obtained into men; and which is ever an indication of high breeding. "I had," he added, looking at a heavy gold watch, "only an hour to spare, and no delay."

"In pretty good time, my lord," said the captain, with a look as if he would like to be familiar, but knew how to restrain himself, and not offence once to rank, while the pale and haughty-eyed nobleman looked as if any notice familiarly would be repelled. Yet why did he expose himself to the danger of compromising himself by companionship with two such rogues as they, any with three such, for the young business looked more like a midnight stealing than any more than an honest smuggling sallee. Even the man who came in with him had a villainous, cut-throat look, as far as a glimpse could be got of his bowl brow and thick nose, lighted on each side with small glittering eyes, that looked like the fiery reflections of the leathern visor of his huge face-cap, like the eyes of a panther. In the center of a mass of matted beard and hearing, in them all, as if a being of another caste, stood the young lord. Form instant a look was cast across his face as if he expected or for such degrading associations, yet compelled to hold his peace and submit to them for the sake of some good or evil. Can they be good? Can anything good come out of such a place, and such company, assembled here in this den of robbers, as subterranean?

"You have your man, I see, my lord," nodded the old convict Paul, looking across to the pumpkin.

"Yes, and if you and young have done your part we have all we have to do, and I am free from here?"

"And six men at the oars. It waiteet the stairs," answered the captain, taking up his pistol and thrusting it into his broad thick belt, where it hung beside a long knife and a pair of pistols of the old barrel. "George, get all ready."

Paul was now at the door, unbolting barge, containing the captain, the young nobleman, and his short companion, with George at the helm, was moved noiselessly out into the stream. Paul and the inn, the walls of which hid it from the observation of any by day of any or above, a boat could shoot close out into the stream before it would be seen, and then row away and along on either hand of the old inn. Never was a robber's den more conveniently constructed for the perpetration of a crime. In the center of the room was the trunked brave, like a sly spider in the center of his web. As the last glided noiselessly out into the river, he followed it with his eyes, and as the door closed upon it, he muttered, with a chuckle, he slowly shut and locked his door, saying, soliloquizing—

"A right-merry time, my masters! This night will make us all rich as the Lord Mayor, or hang-ropes! At high at Hamam—ay, and I am only a friend of the parties! Innocent as an angel unborn. Let them look to it, and to the fishes of the river, not to me! Paul, you're a fool! Have a care! Your fortune is made! Honesty is the best policy! Be an honest man ever after, on my share of five thousand pounds, and fierceness roguery, real honesty! Paul, you're a fool! Have a care! Retire to country squire, and take to port, and die with the gout, like a duke!"

The door closed and barred, Paul put another mug of ale beneath his waistcoat, and after carefully examining his doors and windows (having previously closed the water-gate to his dock-stairs) he retired to his leather room, and was soon in a deep sleep, from which he was awakened by the sound of a pistol-shot, and a loud, shrill, fiendish laugh. Starting up, he found himself in the dark, and, as he thought, in the midst of a dream. He listened, and heard the sound of oars in the water, and the distant voices of men. He struck a light, and found that he was alone in the house. He looked at his watch, and found that it was three o'clock in the morning. He then remembered that he had been awakened by the sound of a pistol-shot, and the laugh of a man. He looked around the room, and saw that the door of the captain's bed-room was open, and that his party disappeared in the thick darkness he down the river.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Turns itself becomes falsehood if it is presented in any other than its right relations. There is no truth but the "whole truth."

LET US ALL HELP ONE ANOTHER.

BY G. L. S.

Let us all help one another
And a heart of kindness show,
As down time's flowing river
In life boat of life we row;
For, though rough may be the weather,
And the sky be overcast,
If we only pull together,
We can brave the storm at last.

Let us all help one another
In each other's need and woe,
And be sister still, as ever
Should a boy girl's sweetheart stray.
When bright fortune gilds the morrow,
Follow hearts with their sage clasp,
Then comes the night of sorrow,
Only you have need to ask.

Let us all help one another,
And do good whatever we can—
Who withholds the hand of kindness
Shows deserves the name of man;
For the one great law of nature,
Which we more mankind to bless,
Bids us help a fellow creature
When we find him in distress.

THE HONEYMOON;

OR,

THE JOURNAL OF A BRIDE OF TWENTY-ONE.

White Mountains, July 20th, 18—.

Can it be possible that I, Mary Gordon, I "am sincerely realize it yet, although for two days I have heralded "Mrs. Castlemaine" by my friends, and "my little wife" by my husband. I am happy—deeply, delicately happy. To me these large, like pure harvest on the mind, are unmistakable. I—also have him always by my side, and not for college to travel constantly between us, but there—to be able to show my love for him, to the world, and before I have time to be personal it—oh, this is beautiful! I look at my wedding-ring, and kiss it delightedly. It is the visible sign of the sweet sacred influence that now possesses my life.

I am proud of my husband, too. When I sit in the crowded parlors at the hotel, and see how I am waysy watching for his entrance. When he comes, and I see him standing among his friends, "like Saul among his fellows," I can but rejoice in him. My aunt once said to me in confidence to him, "My child, do not let your eye and heart deceive you. A fine face, and a noble height, do not make the man. I know what she meant. I know, too, though I prize his honor and his goodness above everything else, I cannot help it that I love those wrong in choosing what is pleasant to the eye, as well as to the soul. Alfred is decidedly none the worse for being six feet high—for he has a fine head, address so, well calculated to win a lady's heart and stolen. I please me—and why not, as it so, why need my good aunt grumble! Only, indeed, she understands not my peculiar feeling points, if other women admired him, as well. That might not be so pleasant. Yet, if every woman blessed with a good-looking husband should shut him up in close quarters, what would become of the life of every modern society!

No—I think I must trust to my lucky stars, and allow my "Goddess" to go unguarded. At least he is free from that detestable vanity which makes most handsome men disagreeable. Were he would be if my woman should admire him too openly. I cannot my—doubtless as weak as all the rest of his sex—for not one among them have I found whose head was strong enough to resist so great a compliment, and, therefore, however, my husband remains able to converse with his lady friends, without giving them the word of love, for being deprived of the inestimable treasure of his heart—of his nothing yet to fear.

Our party here is quite select. In such a place as this one has to be rather exclusive, and we have confined our acquaintance almost entirely to those we knew in our native city of N——. Such as Philadelphians, however, are very pleasant to walk, and among them, a certain Miss Ormond, of whom I have often heard. She will make as much favor than we have been. Yet I hardly think I will like the plan. I had always supposed my honeymoon would have been passed in privacy. But Alfred objected to this plan. Could it have been because it would render him my only friend? Why of the days he spent, eight years ago, with another? Away with the thought—I will not think. Oh, never let me allow this mean jealousy of the dead to intrude upon my heart again! True, I am a "second wife," but I am his only love. Need I love my husband less, because he has also been beloved by one who is now gone? Is it not natural? Need I grieve because she whose place I have filled in his heart, yet watches him with a love that must be unchanging, because it was so pure? Oh, no! Rather let me remember all that he has told me of her pure and gentle nature, for those who knew her well, and cherished her deeply—let me imitate her in her deeds of charity, her words of kindness, her tender love to all who were suffering and oppressed. And then, oh, then! I will be very sure to bear to hear what I have never yet heard—her name and praise from his lips—without wishing, for a moment, to be that angel-spirit of the being who was so dear to him in his youth, from his bend forever!

July 15th, 185—.

We have a new arrival here, and one with which I, for one, could gladly have dispensed. Julius Gordon, with whom I used to dance the polka, in my boarding-school days, and whom I was once foolish enough to promise to marry, has come. I dread the meeting him—for although the chance of engagement was broken long ago, still my husband is aware that some circumstances of the—of—[how very, very awkward it will be! To stand in the presence of the man I was once about to marry, and the man I positively loathed—why, if it were not so simply ridiculous, I should be ready to cry with vexation. I must make some excuse for dinner, for the first thing is sounding already. If I can only find an opportunity to greet him quietly, without having the eyes of all those people, who know our relative positions so well, upon me, I shall be glad. I will be obliged to shake hands with him before them—horrible! I know already how I shall blush, and how annoyed Alfred will look!

Monday.

Well, it has passed off better than I dared hope it would. When I entered the drawing-room today, before dinner, Julius was not for people there. My husband was not among the number, nor did I, at first, see Mr. Gordon. I walked across the room, and was looking out of the window, and wondering where Alfred could be, when I heard a familiar voice behind me say—

"My dear Mrs. Castlemaine, I am delighted!"

I turned as quickly as I could to meet the man I once loved. I held out my hand and welcomed him to the White Mountains.

"And you—I need not ask if you are happy?" he said, looking at me very earnestly.

"I think not. I hope my looks show that my heart is perfectly at rest, Mr. Gordon," I replied.

"They do, indeed. You will allow me to offer you my congratulations. To be sure, it seems rather a strange thing for me to do—for I assure you I am most absurdly glad to find your lot in life so pleasant."

I colored a little at his allusion to bygone times, but his manner was so subdued and quiet—so different from what I had feared it might be, that I could not help thanking him, with my eyes, at least, for his generous forbearance.

"Have you seen my husband?" I asked.

"I have not had that pleasure."

Alfred had just entered, and was standing by the centre-table, turning over the leaves of a pictorial pamphlet, and looking intensely bored. He gladly obeyed the summons, when I beckoned, and when he came up to us, I introduced the two. They shook hands with a gravity that made me want to laugh, and began to discuss the company at the Mountain-house generally. But every now and then I saw the dark eyes of Julius Gordon look steadily at him, and then at me, as if to discover the clearer, but I would not be drawn, and in such a loving union. My husband neither sought nor avoided this glance, but went on with his remarks on his face, his own—analyzed—scrutinized—and conquered it.

The gong sounded for dinner, and, taking Alfred's arm, I went to find my usual place at table. Much to my delight, that assigned to Mr. Gordon was on the other side, and farther up. I took care that he should not be placed where he could see me in the manner during the meal, and I had the pleasure of hearing the former admired by my neighbor on the right, and by Alfred on the left, without the least pang.

This evening we sang in the music-room. Alfred is no singer—but we have some very fine instruments here, and I—I sang divinely well. It is a joy and a delight to me to sing—and when we are together, happily, and in our own way, which everybody loves, and among them that excellent thing, "Julia Dawson, my friend," I had tears in my eyes. I thought of Alfred as I uttered the beautiful words, and felt glad that he was listening.

It is late—but this has been a happy day with, and I am grateful to the giver of all good.

July 16th, 185—.

Our Philadelphians came yesterday. The party consists of General Charles, his wife, who, by-the-by, is a captain, and Miss Ormond. They are the most courteous of people, but I must confess I can see evidence of that peculiar pride, which the nabobs of the city of brotherly Love are always said to possess. Miss Ormond is a handsome, somewhat haughty-looking girl, who dresses most beautifully, and bestows much time upon her complexion. Whenever I look up suddenly I find her great dark eyes upon my face, with a look of wonderment.

This evening, when the party arrived, I was standing in a recess near one of the windows, looking out at the carriages, yet myself unseen; when I them all, but there was something in his manner that made me start, and tremble. I felt as if I had no common interchange of hands—and in the few hasty words they exchanged, I could hear that Alfred objected to this plan. Could it have been because it would render him my only friend? Why of the days he spent, eight years ago, with another? Away with the thought—I will not think. Oh, never let me allow this mean jealousy of the dead to intrude upon my heart again! True, I am a "second wife," but I am his only love. Need I love my husband less, because he has also been beloved by one who is now gone? Is it not natural? Need I grieve because she whose place I have filled in his heart, yet watches him with a love that must be unchanging, because it was so pure? Oh, no! Rather let me remember all that he has told me of her pure and gentle nature, for those who knew her well, and cherished her deeply—let me imitate her in her deeds of charity, her words of kindness, her tender love to all who were suffering and oppressed. And then, oh, then! I will be very sure to bear to hear what I have never yet heard—her name and praise from his lips—without wishing, for a moment, to be that angel-spirit of the being who was so dear to him in his youth, from his bend forever!

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857.

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THE CROWN JEWELS.

The New Story, which we commence in this week's Ledger, is one of the best Tales ever published in the United States. We congratulate our readers on the rare treat that its perusal will afford.

The author is a man of rare genius and ability, and will undoubtedly take a high stand among our first-class romance-writers. This new story is of itself enough to make a reputation for him in this line. Read it, by all means, and you will not only oblige you in outfit the perusal of some other part of the paper.

"PAY AS YOU GO."—ITS BENEFITS.

Pecuniary indebtedness is the source of widespread mischief and misery. It destroys that manly freedom and independence of character so dear to the highest human well-being. Debt is a breeder of anxiety, servility, hypocrisy, cowardice, and all the Hydra-like, fiend and bloodhound. If "blessed be nothing" be not a good proverb, surely "give no thought, nor care for riches" was the wish of a wise man. That is the "*ante civitas*"—the happy "mean of distance" wherein a man may live in peace with himself and with all the world. Franklin has been ridiculed by some and condemned by others for his economical maxims—for his "a penny saved is a penny earned," and "take care of the cents, and the dollars will take care of themselves;" but for one learned by this sort of lesson, scores have been benefitted. We would have no one bound up in love of money. To save or get for the mean gratification of hoarding, is to be miserably purblind. Pollok describes such as one—the miser :—

> "In fatty burdens gross,
> And by his paunch laden, he goes to sleep."

The miser's hoarding is in a spirit as remote from economy, or economy in a right sense, as prodigality. Real economy is a virtue, and a rare one. It teaches living within one's means. The neglect of men do not practice it. The neglect of it springs not of the idea, and mood it. Not on the sagacious and the wise. By the practice of economy, men become *paterfamilias*—thereunto acquire independence for themselves, and succour to others. By economy they "provide for a rainy day," and lodge around the decay of strength, the infirmities of age, and the sunset of life, with calm and comfort. Strange as it may seem, the poorer classes, who tend this virtue most, understand it least, and are the most heedless of all but the present hour. Their improvidence is a grievous sin and shame. They beget most and provide least. How much they would enjoy and profit were they only to do their work or month which they are eternally behind in their means of living. By thus catching up, their cash in hand would enable them to purchase more and better than their credit. With cash in hand they would command the market—with their credit they are systematically bought and sold. "Pay as you go" should be their motto and aspiration. They lose incalculably by the present system. Yet they lay their heads

"Pay as you go" and commercial disasters and money panics will be unknown. Duns and bailiffs will become obsolete. Courts, lawyers, jails and sheriffs will be stripped of their glory. Hard times will be a myth, when every man lives within his means. What the world wants to bring in the millennium, is a cash instead of a credit business. The ledger—not our ledger, darling—and the day book should be balanced with every act of the sun, or what would be better still, never opened. Living beyond means and being in debt, has brought the country to the state it is now in. Such is the inevitable result. Can we not have a reform in this matter? Must the maxims of the wise and the experience of past time go forever unheeded?

IMITATORS.

The community is full of imitators. They live, move, and have their being, each as it is in the very face of two great facts, viz., that variety is embossed upon human character, and that success has rarely followed imitation.

Imitation of a certain kind, and within certain degrees, is all right. Such is that which leads the apprentice to do his work as he sees his boss do it, the young farmer, to observe the customs of his experienced and successful neighbor, and adopt them, or the daughter, who is satisfied that her mother's "way" of housekeeping is the best, therefore to adopt it, when she is made mistress of a household. But, unless in any "application" of here is the point. It is found imitation we condemn. And which does not, therefore, stand as a Sir Oracle-so does it, without knowing, or ever stopping to ask for, the reasons of it. Such imitators, in laying out a farm, or a garden, in the lawn, or building a house, are sure to arrange or construct the same after somebody else's taste, without regard to the predominance of angles or curves, or their own intuitive taste on this point—for we hold that everybody has an intuitive taste of his own in such matters, which only awaits education. And this type of imitators is manifested in the very different nature of the soil, the propriety of a different treatment of local relations to surrounding circumstances of scenery, etc.! If public speakers, by virtue of the profession they have perhaps unwisely adopted the shore being one of somebody, instead of learning of nature—of their own nature, which is willing to be educated to speak through voice and gesture—they are sure to become the imitators of the tones and gesture, the make feels of, and failures for, themselves. So, if they are writers, or are seized with the secondary ambition of making for writing, instead of first trying to become such, they will imitate the style and manner of somebody else, for the sake of its acceptance, and the peculiarities of his very hobbies and foibles. Thus they will become slightly, nobody wonders but themselves—and, perhaps, unlikes most of their admirers, whose flattery has only hastened their fall.

If any of those imitators aspire to be publishers, or editors, instead of adopting their own method, which, whose public "want" is willing to bail with gratitude, and reward with success,—or, in other words, striking out a new course for themselves, they become the veriest copyists. Seeing this, the discriminating public reward them accordingly with "cruel neglect," and they, too, fail. So will it ever be with mere imitators!

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

The motto of the brave is generally commends itself to all who would be business heroes in these times of suspension and failure. The pressure is upon our shores, and will be felt more or less, to the greater that withstands it. It is always unmanly to give up, without a struggle, to any imperfect homage. As I said before, a man who is capable of making a course jobs about a woman is capable of making about those who know him knows that. Let the "old man" charge the blame on the "old woman."

But while he is on the subject of inconvenience in public places he would, when the occasion arises, be the flower past which it fares to blame, for the impure sulphur and brimstone which he knows are those who pass for gentlemen, from the range of those libidinous and unfeeling inconsiderate men. Diana herself would be safe. The honored will, in the near prospect of maternity, if she venture out in the public cars, be sure to secure a seat—how generally soever she may comport herself—may not some deft pickpocket relieve them of their purse or heathen," so called, who consider her presence so much by giving up their seats to her, as a matter of respectful homage. As I said before, a man who is capable of making a course jobs about a woman those who know him know

THE
WELL-DIGGER: AN OWEN-TYNE BALLAD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

I.

Come listen all which I relate
When recently told
Unto a farmer down in Maine,
While digging of a well.

II.

Full many a yard he dug and shovel,
And still he dug on still,
"Alack!" quoth he, "varm weiter nevare
Forthcoming is mine!"

III.

And still he dug and shovel away
And still the well was dry;
The only water to be found
Was in the farmer's eye;

IV.

For by the breaking of the bank
That benefited trees to excess,
All suddenly his hope was dashed
Of future liquidation.

V.

And now his cends were running fast,
And he had dug most deep,
But this just when he thought of rest,
He happened to be not!

VI.

"Aha!—I have a happy thought!—
Exclaimed this well-sunk man:
"To dig anew into second well
I am a pretty plan!—

VII.

"I'll take me thought, and when my wife
And she my neighbors hear
What's happened to my digging here,
They'll think me I'm beleet!

VIII.

"And so to save my priceless life,
They'll dig the well, no doubt,
Else deeper than 'twas dig at first,
Before they find me out!"

IX.

And so he hid him in the barn
Through all the hunny day,
To hide the digging of his well
In this invention so;

X.

But last what grief and shame befell
This false, ungrateful man,
The while he spy'd unlocked to see
The working of his plan—

XI.

The neighbors all with one accord
Unto their aidy did,
"With such a weight of earth above,
The man is surely dead."

XII.

And then the well, with pious care,
All brothers seek to rescue,
Did:—"Since the Lord hath willed it so,
If we let it be his grave!"

THE PIONEER PATRIOT;
OR,
THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.

A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by BEADLE BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER X.

THE SECRET MESSENGER.—THE SIGNS.

It was near midnight, and an Indian, who was on guard at the outskirts of the Mohawk encampment, thought he heard a strange rustling in one of the trees over his head. He gazed up, and was sure he saw a dark object between himself and an opening in the leafy canopy. He started nearer to the tree, but the object was gone. He listened, and he was sure he heard the same noise in the tree-top. He listened further, but could see nothing; and as the sound was hushed, he concluded that 'twas nothing more than an owl.

A few minutes afterwards, another Indian was startled into life by the same sound, and he moved away along by the edge of a clump of alders.

"Who's there?" he cried.

The form of a dog was the only answer; and in a moment more the dark object plunged into the alders. The Indian shortly uttered a dwelling "ugh," and resumed his walk.

It was long after this that a party of Johnson's men—one of the "Greens"—heard a sound, as of some one treading upon dry twigs, in a clump of trees near by. He called out, and received no answer. He called again, and received a sharp growl, followed by a low "bow-wow-ow."

"Whose dog's that cruelish 'round?" he growled to himself, as he resumed his walk.

The next person startled was old Phillis. She sat by the out of her mistress, and had just been giving her some drink, when she heard a low sound behind her. She was upon the point of turning, when a well-known, whisper broke upon her ear.

"It's Jacko! Don't make a noise!"

The old servant had presence of mind enough not to be startled from her position, and she turned not the slow face of a statue, but she turned her big by her side.

"Why, Lord bress me! Am dis you? Is dey got you prisoner?"

"No—I escaped. But don't make no noise. I want to speak wid Miss Isabel."

The maiden heard her name thus pronounced, and she sprang to the door with alacrity. She recognized Jacko at once, and a bright light gleamed in her large eyes.

"Is this you, Jacko?"

"—sh! Not so loud, Miss Isabel. Yes—die am Jacko. May I speak wid you?"

"Certainly, you may. But have you come here unobserved?"

"Guess don't nobody spect ole Jacko's come; but mind 'em Clubs Guy's hide a dog 'round me. But ise come from mas's Phillip, an' he wants me to ax ye die one thing: If de chance should come will ye go wid yer ole guarding again? Dat's what he wants to know."

Yes! yes!" the sick girl uttered quickly. She had no need to ponder, for she had been pondering a long while upon that very subject. If she remained where she was she must be made the wife of Guy Braddock at once; but if she sought her old guardian she would at least have a few months' respite—and who should say what them few months might not forth.

"Yes, yes," she repeated, "I will go with him."

"Dat's good! An' now how sick shall I tell mas's you is?"

"Oh, not very sick—tell him I shall soon get well. Tell him good Phillis will soon help me up again."

"Dat's good, too. An' dat's all I've got to ax. Now does ye want to send any word back?"

"Only tell Phillis that Isabel prays for his safety always when she speaks to Heaven. Tell him that."

"I'll tell him, for, sartin, 'cause he'll make him berry happy."

As Jacko thus spoke he lowered himself upon his hands and knees and crept under the cot. He had hardly done so when the canvas curtain at the entrance to the tent was moved aside, and a man's head was put in.

"Who's that?" asked the gruff voice of Johnson's men—one of the "Greens"—heard a sound, as of some one treading upon dry twigs, in a clump of trees near by. He called out, and received no answer. He called again, and received a sharp growl, followed by a low "bow-wow-ow."

"Whose dog's that cruelish 'round?" he growled to himself, as he resumed his walk.

The next person startled was old Phillis. She sat by the out of her mistress, and had just been giving her some drink, when she heard a low sound behind her. She was upon the point of turning, when a well-known, whisper broke upon her ear.

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"Ho," responded Phillis. "I was a talkin' wid mistress."

The man—a sentinel placed there to guard that entrance—stepped in and surveyed the apartment, and then, without further remark, he retired. In a few moments more Jacko glided out from his hiding-place, and, raising himself upon his knees, he looked over into Isabel's face.

"Miss Isabel," he whispered, in a low, eager tone, "could you pray for poor Jacko?"

"Yes, yes, Jacko—I will!"

"You will?—you will pray jes' as you do for Phillip?—jes' as you do for dem you hit?"

"Yes, Jacko, I will pray for you sincerely, for I do love you very much. You have been very good to me."

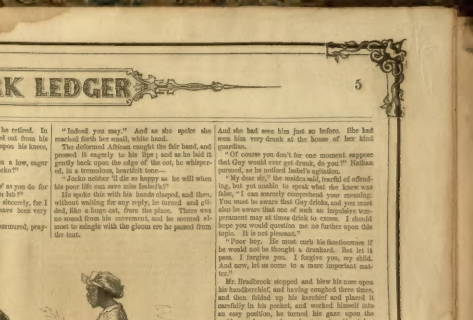
"I mays'n kiss yer hand?" he murmured, prayerfully.

"Indeed you may." And as she spoke she reached forth her small, white hand.

The deformed African caught the fair hand, and pressed it eagerly to his lips; and as he did it gently back upon the edge of the cot, he whispered, in a tremulous, heartfelt tone—

"Jacko rather'll die so happy as he will when his poor life can save mis Isabel's?"

He spoke this with his hands clasped, and then, without waiting for any reply, he turned and glided, like a huge cat, from the place. There was a slight noise, but no movement, and he seemed not to mingle with the gloom ere he passed from the tent.



JACKO DECLARING HIS DEVOTION TO MISS. CARLTON.

The wily black made his way back to the fort as he had come, all alone, crawling almost upon his belly—then plunging through dense thickets, and soon swinging from tree to tree, like a panther. He found his master anxiously waiting for him, and when he had made known the result of his mission the youth was gratified almost beyond measure.

"She said she would come? You are sure?"

"Yes, I is, mas's. And she said, too, dat I must tell Phillip Isabel pray for his safety when she speaks to Heaven. Dat's what she said."

"Did she say that?"

"She surtin did, mas's."

"Bless her! bless her!"

"My goodness, I should t'ink every body ought to bress her. She's a reg'lar angel, mas's. Just such a angel as ye read to me from de Bible. Don't you t'ink so?"

"Yes—she is, Jacko. At any rate, she is as pure as an angel; and if angels' alertness can make us angel, then she is one, most surely."

"Oh, she's just all de as—sist—antest any good angel either had—now, you ken jus' make your mind easy on dat yer point."

It required no assurance from Jacko to enlighten Phillip upon that subject, so the conversation was dropped, and both master and man sought their respective places of rest for the few hours that were yet left of the night.

The morning of the tenth of August dawned upon the fort, and Colonel Gansevoort was startled with several of his most experienced officers, took a careful survey of the ground on the enemy. The enemy were slowly, but surely, progressing, and to the north they had succeeded in effecting a line of advances which plainly indicated that they were determined not to give up the siege.

The commandant saw the danger in which threatened the garrison, and he at once called a council of his officers.

"Gentlemen," he said, "if the enemy receive no reinforcements, within three days more I fear they may continue the siege, and finally compel us to surrender. We cannot hold out many weeks longer. You must aid us with your counsel."

"Ayo," replied the brave Willett, "it is very plain. And it is equally plain that we can not and not fall into the enemy's hands. Let them gain that step and they will open the whole valley of the Mohawk as they please."

"There is but one way to prevent all this," returned Gansevoort. "We must have succor. And that succor we can have but from one quarter. Schuyler, with the northern army, is at Stillwater. That is nearly eighty miles distant. In order to communicate with him our messenger must run the thick way through the camp that surrounds us, and traverse a wilderness swarming with Indians and Tories. Who would do this?"

"There was a silence of some moments, and the assembled officers gazed from one to the other with eager, earnest looks. Presently, Colonel Marinus Willett stepped forward—the man who had already done so much, and who was ready and willing to do more—to do all that lay in his power.

"I will go," he said, cheerfully and manfully.

"And I will be his companion," spoke a second officer, at the same time stepping forward. It was Lieutenant Stockwell.

The two brave men received the warm thanks of their companions, and the gratitude expressed came gushing from hearts that lacked not in courage, though they may not have possessed that firm confidence in self which leads men voluntarily through the grandest dangers.

That afternoon the few clouds which had been rolling up from the horizon assumed a darker hue, and gradually spread themselves over the whole heavens. Before dark the rain began to fall, and those who understood the weather-signs of that region knew that the night would be dark and stormy. After having partaken of a hearty supper, Willett and Stockwell prepared for their mission. They dressed themselves in suits of leather-tough buckskin—and moccasined, and their only burden was a small knapsack for each, containing provisions enough for two or three days.

Stockwell would have armed himself with pistols, but the cheaper judgment of Willett decided against it. They were to traverse a section within which the report of a pistol would be sure to bring more enemies than the bullet could dispose of. Their only arms were two good spears, and common hunting-knives. At ten o'clock all were prepared. The two men left the fort, and Willett was on the east side, and upon their hands and knees, with the rain pouring down upon them, they crept the whole distance through the enemy's lines. It was a weakest point, and we did a round tell to the drowsy Britons that a fox was within their lines. They crossed the river upon a log, and were soon able to resume their feet.

But the path of our two patriots was dubious in the extreme. They had been told that a force lurked, pushing on through masses of briars and tangled wildwood, and about midnight they were confident they had lost their way. Still they moved slowly and doubtingly on, until the tracking of a dog gave them the startling intelligence that they had crossed about in their wandering way the Indian camp.

Of course they dared go no further. The heavens were black, and not a star appeared to guide them. They found a log upon which they seated themselves, and there remained until towards morning, when the clouds began to break away. With eager, anxious glances the two men watched the dark-blue patches as the flitting clouds rolled up, and by and by the bright morning-star dawned upon their sight. "The star in the East," said with thankful, hopeful hearts they arose and followed it.

Thus assured of their course, the patriots pushed on with renewed vigor. Much of the night had been wasting the small streams that comes in their way, thus rendering it impossible for any strange enemy, who might be in pursuit, to follow their trail. They reached the German Flats in safety, and here they rested a few hours, and then they galloped off down the valley, reaching the camp of the besieged before the noon-day.

Schuyler had already heard of the defeat of Herkimer, which had been a terrible blow to the garrison at the fort. The brave, impetuous, and, alas! far too reckless, Arnold, volunteered to take command of the relief-party, and he left the camp of the fort. Many of Schuyler's officers opposed his departure, as the most desperate service that was already too small to cope with Burgoyne. But the brave soldier thought he could do good, and he turned from no noble a purpose by the grumbling of a few discontented, fault-finding subalterns. He left Schuyler's camp with about one hundred of his patriots who defended it to swept away, the fort which they could not be depended upon, and brought such breadth of the beautiful valley. But he should not do.

Before noon on the morrow eight hundred regulars men had been curdled, and Arnold, almost invincible, was in the midst of the enemy's camp, and placed himself at their head.

In the meantime, Leiger continued the siege, and threw more vigor into his operations. He had been told that Arnold was coming to the succor, and was protected by strict parallels which had been thrown up. A week passed away, and still no news from Fort de Stanwix. Whether they had met with their destination, or whether they had been butchered on their way, could not be determined. The previous were growing scarce, and the ammunition was well nigh exhausted. Many were in favor of surrender, as the most honorable course that could be pursued, especially in view of the women and children in the fort, who were in the greatest danger. But Gansevoort would not do it. As he spoke, the mighty horde of Hessians, Indians, Tories, and Indians which composed the besieging army, he could not find it in his most heart to surrender the fort.

"No," said he; "as we will surrender we will never give up. Each night, some of us will try to depart, and out our way through the enemy's camp. And we will."

The dauntless bearing of the commandant inspired others with more confidence; but still there was a gloomy, dark night which rested upon them, and the terrible whoop of the savage, as it flung upon the midnight air, struck the deep fear-cord in many a mother's bosom!

CHAPTER XI.

THE DARK HAND IS SHOWN.

Under the guardianship of old Phillis Isabel soon recovered from her prostration. The fever did not assume a decided form, but seemed to be a severe cold, with febrile symptoms, which readily yielded to care and repose. At the end of a week she was as strong and well in body as one can be whose mind is ill at ease. Both Guy Braddock and his father visited her often, and they watched for her recovery with an eagerness which could not have been dissimulated. Of their plans they had thus far said nothing, save the dark hints thrown out on the first night of the maiden's presence in their camp.

One day—it was just after dinner—as Isabel sat within the tent, Phillis having gone out to take a breath of fresh air, and look about the camp, Guy Braddock and his father both entered.

"We are glad to see you looking so well, my dear daughter," said the old man, as he took a seat.

Isabel trembled, but she tried to hide it.

"Thank you, sir," she replied, not daring to remain silent.

"If the troopers of the king, she never looked better in the world!" cried Guy, with enthusiasm. He had moved so near to the maiden that she could feel his breath, in the flame of his words, the state of his peculiar uselessness of expression.

"If the king looks well, and in mistake," the father added, nodding approvingly to his son.

"I wish he to shut up from the world, upon my soul," resumed Guy, with a wink.

"If all child," continued the other.

"Hand she looks as blooms' at a rose," said the young 'un.

"Fairly superior to a rose," intimated the old 'un.

"Like the rose and the lily," suggested Guy.

"Exactly," chimed the observing parent.

"If you have lived alone long enough without a daughter, sir," queried the dutiful son, with an abominable wink.

"Not quite too long, my son," asserted the father, with energy. "But," he added, with a hopeful nod of the head, "I shall be much longer. It mustn't be so, Guy. I tell you it mustn't. I understand it."

"I rayther think I do, my dear old soul of war. I rayther think I do."

Isabel Braddock was slightly disconcerted by this answer, for it revealed to him the fact that his father and son had been drinking more deeply than he had thought.

"You are right, my son," he returned, in a pretty tone. "You understand it."

"I'm a charm, old Bullhide," the affectionate child replied. "I'm a charm, my way play." He added, trying to wink, but slanting both eyes instead. "Diadvice is my name, sir. I'll prove you'd like to fortunate 'as I don't un'stan 't—sh! I'll prove it, Percy, we'll fit it."

The father looked at his son with his finger, as though something of importance had suddenly presented itself, and then turned towards the passage. Guy followed him, and ere many minutes the quiet returned. He had got rid of his offspring.

"Gentleman youth!" he uttered, as he sat down. "So full of spirit—"

"And very dangerous spirit, sir," slipped from Isabel's tongue, almost before she had thought of speaking. She was sorry she had said it, but it was true, and she resolved to abide by it.

"Eh?" uttered the old man, with a quick glance into the girl's face. "What do you mean?"

"That such spirit might prove dangerous for a young man, sir," she replied, calmly.

"Oh, indeed! I don't understand you. Much spirit? Will you explain?"

"Has not Guy been drinking, sir?"

"Drinking? Drinking what?"

"Ardent spirit, sir."

"What! Would you intimate that my son has drunk to excess?—that he had imbibed too freely of the intoxicating draught? Your remark would certainly seem to imply that, though I trust it is not so. Heighten me."

"Why, sir," ventured Isabel, somewhat astonished at the cool effrontery of the man, "I did not mean to say that Guy was drunk, but that he had been drinking."

"Ah! I see your point," what? demanded the Tory, as Isabel hesitated.

"I would say that my father must not that I should marry before I was nineteen years of age." She had almost told Nathan Braddock that her only real reason for refusing his son was that she saw her danger. If she confessed now that she had any other reason than that, then, she should be unlikely at their mercy, for they would suspect the restraint of her father's will as well as she. However, she felt assured that they needed no precedent from her.

"Ah, I see your point," was the very blind," remarked Braddock, with some feeling. "Do you believe that any father could be so base to tarnished by such slanders as would cause father to if you remained with us as you are now? And, my dear child, you have done nothing to the very day of your appointed age! Don't you suppose, when your father conducted to trust your welfare for life in our hands, he had some confidence in my son's judgment? He placed the date for your marriage at what was then the most convenient period; and he simply meant that there should be a mutual understanding upon the subject. But it is all nonsense to argue this point further. If you don't see it, then it must be because you won't see it; and, if you won't see it, I only waste breath in talking of it. But, if you

added, with a sharp look into the girl's eye, and in a tone of wicked meaning, "you have come to the conclusion that you don't wish to marry with Guy at all. I pray that you will not let him sus pect it. If you do—God have mercy upon you!"

"Can I help the promptings of my own heart?" asked Isabel, clutching her hands tightly upon her bosom.

"I'm sure I don't know anything about your heart. I only know that I can't help the prompt ings of Guy's heart, and I doubt if he can do it either. Of course, he can't do it any more than you can."

The poor girl made no reply to this. It was spoken in that cold, measured tone, which betrayed the man without feeling, or sympathies of any kind; and with him Isabel knew that arguments would be useless.

"I have only to say further," the old Tory re sumed, "that you will be married as soon as pos sible. Probably tomorrow. We have an consid ferit clergyman in our camp—a regularly ordained ad minister of the church—and he shall be called upon as once. You and Guy shall be married, and then, as soon as we take the fort, he will take you home, where you may find all the enjoyment your heart can desire."

Mr. Bradbrook arose as he ceased speaking, and having taken his hat he turned towards the cu rious. He stopped at the arras, and turning a threatening look upon the maiden, he said—

"I hope you will be reasonable, my dear. I as sure you will have more regard for our feelings; for, if you do, worse happens to you than you can contem."

The peculiar emphasis of this speech left the doubt upon Isabel's mind as to its meaning. She saw the man depart, and when he was gone she threw herself upon her bed and sobbed aloud.

For long afterwards Phillis came in, and when she saw her young mistress in that position, she hastened to her side, and inquired what was the mat ter. Isabel told her all—told her of the fearful fate that happened her father—clearly so, but not with out tears.

"I hope you will be reasonable, my dear," said Phillis, using the same words as the old Tory had done, "and not make yourself unhappy. Guy is a fine young man, and makes a very willing husband."

"Phillis was upon the point of speaking in reply, but Isabel stopped her, and, while a sudden flush came to her face, and her form assumed a more dig nified attitude, she resumed—

"You say much about this subject. If you know me as you should know me, you know that I would not in I would not be forced into a marriage, and not that it is a plan of my fathers. O—I may argue and reason as I will, but still the fact is be fore me, that my good father died with my name and mine almost reverberating in his ears that I would be the wife of Guy Bradbrook. Phillis, I cannot go with a strong heart. What my father urged do now, I cannot refuse. I must obey, and all my promise is recorded; my father's solemn com pact with Nathan Bradbrook is upon record. I know the appointed day, and I will not retract; but I must cease now. My keepers have a strong argu ment in favor of their absence, and I am weak, strong, at all events, that it satisfies them. The sun is set, and I am tired. Phillis, leave me, and may God grant that I may not suffer long. My poor frame cannot long en dure the kind of agony which is in store for me."

"Don't—don't say so, mistress!"

The sympathizing servant pressed the fair hand of her mistress to her lips, and the big drops rolled down her sweet cheeks.

"I won't say any more," she sobbed. "I won't say soft's more. I'll say wid ye while ye lib, an don I hope poor Phillis 'll die wid ye. Ah —ye won't live long, mistress. I'll not separate away from dem cheeks; an' de fire goes out in dem eyes, an' de heart stops beatin', I'll stop too. Dat night's set your heart-strings wid pain all do time— you say you won't, but I will. I'll die wid you, mam'selle under ye see—— But I won't say mo' more. I won't, mistress, sartin true. Only you'll write wid your hand, and when you die I'll make de arms read her off. You won't, sure?"

"No, good Phillis, I will not die; but this you shall remain with me; so fear not on that ac count."

Isabel had pondered upon the dark subject be fore her until every point had been weighed and considered, and the result was the decision to marry that she must rest with the man to whom she had been so long plighted. She knew that she must act at a time, too, when there was no law to curb that power. In the camp the will of the commander of her was absolute, and she knew that she must sub mit to the terrible ordeal, or sink into a state too horrible to contemplate. She was sure of one thing, and that how her head and weep her own front was overpowered, and the weary form sank into deep rest.

By-and-by Nathan Bradbrook came. He was dressed in a suit of black velvet, and his hair was powdered. He advanced to the maiden's side and sat down.

"Well, my dear, all is prepared," he said, with out appearing to notice that she had been weeping; for that she was all thoughtful. "I am very glad to be the ceremony performed here. That will save us much trouble and delay; and, be sides, you won't have to blush as you would if you were stood up to be married in a strange place. Eh, my darling?"

He gave her a slight poke in the side with his thumb as he uttered his last sentence, and a low chuckle was upon his face. Isabel shrank from him, and her cheek was not empty. At the same time, some inclination, she remained silent.

"Don't you like the idea?" he said very coaxed.

"I would rather it should be here, if it must be, than elsewhere, sir," she faintly replied.

"If it must be, hey? You speak as though you that point, I hope," said Bradbrook, with some severity.

The trembling girl gazed up into the strong man's face—a prayerful look of supplication dwelt upon her features—her hands were clasped —and her bosom swelled with confliction emo tions. There was a moment's pause, and then, while the sinister statured suddenly to her eyes she spoke—

"One word! Oh! in the name of Just Heaven, one word! Must this be? Is there no escape? Is there no hope? Is there no help? Is there none—what is Guy?—what your own father gave to us; and that we will have, rest assured! I shall not kill myself, for I have a duty to perform that honors his feelings. He suffers enough now in the spirit-land, and we will not increase his pain. I do hope you will look him better after you shall have lived with him awhile. So you see that I shall die in a hurry, and now for the work in hand. The minister will be here in a very few minutes, and the work will then be done. I have come to inform you, so that you might be ready. Of course, you have no objection?"

For some moments after Nathan Bradbrook had gone the poor girl sat like one in a fearful dream. But at length she started from her seat, and such upon her knees, and with her hands clasped, and her face turned upward, she poured forth a fer earnest prayer.

"O, God, give me strength in this hour of trial! Be with me, and uphold me to the end! Sustain me in hope of happier days! Thou art my only fortitude equal to the fearful passage before me! Be with and bless me, and soften the hearts of those who would do me harm. Should I die in a little while, and then take me to Thyself, and let me see again with my loved parents, whom Thou hast already taken home. Grant my prayer, O, Lord, and help me to remember Thee with humility and gratitude, and with holy trust. Love me!—Love me!—Bless me!—Bless those who would do me ill! I ask it through my Saviour and Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen!"

A little while Le maiden remained with her head bowed after she had ceased speaking, and then she arose to her feet. She was calm, now, and the old tremulousness was gone. She arranged her hair, and with the assistance of Phillis pre pared herself for the ordeal that awaited her. She was very pale—pale as death—but her step was firm, and her expression was full of resolve.

When all was ready, she sat down, and, with her hands resting upon her head, she gave one thought to Phillis Lamery. She pronounced his name, and asked God to bless him. She knew he would fee her loss, and hoped he would be happy with Happy. Ah! there was a quick tremor in her heart when she spoke form in her upon. Here happy could she be, were Isabel permitted her to give happiness to him! For a moment she was very sigh inding the remarkable self-control she had gained; but she overcame the emotion, and soon more she was firm.

Thus she sat when the arras was moved aside, and Nathan Bradbrook entered. He cast a ra glance upon Isabel, and then withdrew. In a few moments he returned, followed by Guy and the clergyman. This latter personage was a short, fat, red-faced man, named Shuldham. Whether he was any relative of Andrew Shuldham I can not say; but we can say that he resembled the latter very much in his speech and in his looks. He was obese and dumpy, with a face expres sive of the most gross sensualism, and like him, too, that my good father died with my name and mine almost reverberating in his ears that I would be the wife of Guy Bradbrook. Phillis, I cannot go with a strong heart. What my father urged do now, I cannot refuse. I must obey, and all my promise is recorded; my father's solemn com pact with Nathan Bradbrook is upon record. I know the appointed day, and I will not retract; but I must cease now. My keepers have a strong argu ment in favor of their absence, and I am weak, strong, at all events, that it satisfies them. The sun is set, and I am tired. Phillis, leave me, and may God grant that I may not suffer long. My poor frame cannot long en dure the kind of agony which is in store for me."

"No—no! no mistress!"

The sympathizing servant pressed the fair hand of her mistress to her lips, and the big drops rolled down her sweet cheeks.

"I won't say any more," she sobbed. "I won't say soft's more. I'll say wid ye while ye lib, an don I hope poor Phillis 'll die wid ye. Ah —ye won't live long, mistress. I'll not separate away from dem cheeks; an' de fire goes out in dem eyes, an' de heart stops beatin', I'll stop too. Dat night's set your heart-strings wid pain all do time— you say you won't, but I will. I'll die wid you, mam'selle under ye see—— But I won't say mo' more. I won't, mistress, sartin true. Only you'll write wid your hand, and when you die I'll make de arms read her off. You won't, sure?"

"No, good Phillis, I will not die; but this you shall remain with me; so fear not on that ac count."

Isabel had pondered upon the dark subject be fore her until every point had been weighed and considered, and the result was the decision to marry that she must rest with the man to whom she had been so long plighted. She knew that she must act at a time, too, when there was no law to curb that power. In the camp the will of the commander of her was absolute, and she knew that she must sub mit to the terrible ordeal, or sink into a state too horrible to contemplate. She was sure of one thing, and that how her head and weep her own front was overpowered, and the weary form sank into deep rest.

By-and-by Nathan Bradbrook came. He was dressed in a suit of black velvet, and his hair was powdered. He advanced to the maiden's side and sat down.

"Well, my dear, all is prepared," he said, with out appearing to notice that she had been weeping; for that she was all thoughtful. "I am very glad to be the ceremony performed here. That will save us much trouble and delay; and, be sides, you won't have to blush as you would if you were stood up to be married in a strange place. Eh, my darling?"

He gave her a slight poke in the side with his thumb as he uttered his last sentence, and a low chuckle was upon his face. Isabel shrank from him, and her cheek was not empty. At the same time, some inclination, and she remained silent.

"Don't you like the idea?" he said very coaxed.

"I would rather it should be here, if it must be, than elsewhere, sir," she faintly replied.

"If it must be, hey? You speak as though you that point, I hope," said Bradbrook, with some severity.

The trembling girl gazed up into the strong man's face—a prayerful look of supplication dwelt upon her features—her hands were clasped —and her bosom swelled with confliction emo tions. There was a moment's pause, and then, while the sinister statured suddenly to her eyes she spoke—

"One word! Oh! in the name of Just Heaven, one word! Must this be? Is there no escape? Is there no hope? Is there no help? Is there none—what is Guy?—what your own father gave to us; and that we will have, rest assured! I shall not kill myself, for I have a duty to perform that honors his feelings. He suffers enough now in the spirit-land, and we will not increase his pain. I do hope you will look him better after you shall have lived with him awhile. So you see that I shall die in a hurry, and now for the work in hand. The minister will be here in a very few minutes, and the work will then be done. I have come to inform you, so that you might be ready. Of course, you have no objection?"

For some moments after Nathan Bradbrook had gone the poor girl sat like one in a fearful dream. But at length she started from her seat, and such upon her knees, and with her hands clasped, and her face turned upward, she poured forth a fer earnest prayer.

"O, God, give me strength in this hour of trial! Be with me, and uphold me to the end! Sustain me in hope of happier days! Thou art my only fortitude equal to the fearful passage before me! Be with and bless me, and soften the hearts of those who would do me harm. Should I die in a little while, and then take me to Thyself, and let me see again with my loved parents, whom Thou hast already taken home. Grant my prayer, O, Lord, and help me to remember Thee with humility and gratitude, and with holy trust. Love me!—Love me!—Bless me!—Bless those who would do me ill! I ask it through my Saviour and Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen!"

A little while Le maiden remained with her head bowed after she had ceased speaking, and

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT]

LADY CLAUDINE;
OR,
THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.
A DRAMATIC TALE.
BY DR. HORATIO W. MELROSE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XVII.

Away over hill, and ditch, and hedge, across pasture-land, mead and meadow, now thundling the lay ing, now the gallop, and then a dashing, Brimley Oakes went onward! And after him, with the speed of the wind, Lord Argyll dashed, lands, mead and meadow, now thundling the lay ing, now the gallop, and then a dashing, and on ward! Many things hung upon this race, Sir Harry Dalton followed. One after another the baby-carriage stopped the ill-mounted pursu ing and affection for the child, and Claudine's life, then shouting in great excitement as he caught a fresh view of the fugitive, after being sight of him for a moment, would ride on. Sir Harry, with a steeple-chase, looked on with admiration and up roar. He would not stop himself, but, as those who had breath enough, shout "stop the highway man!" and "stop the thief!" Many who heard and fields to take saddle and join in the chase. The whole country-side was soon up.

*Lord Argyll and Sir Harry Dalton was cross ing an open heath, and seeing that Sir Harry was gaining on him, he stopped and threw down his gun into breath, and preserve him for the fearless chase that was to follow. For one he was com pelled easily on his horse, perfectly at rest, his eyes only fixed steadily on the movements of his enemy, and his whole mind in the object of the pursuit. Brimley Oakes made to the left of the heath, and then, as he came to a very low fence, he cleared it with the greatest ease, and then, as he came to a very high hedge, he cleared it with the greatest ease

THE RHYME OF THE LADY MADELINE.

BY WILLIE E. PARGE.

Come and listen to the summer wind that sweeps so sweetly by,
And whispers to the waving flowers to dance from the sky.

It gives them joyous greeting from their sisters in the stars,
And yearly does its pleasant round as it sweeps their pendant bars;

It tells of many lands where night, with all its train of the,
Is never known to steal the light from off the azure hills.

It tells of happy friends in the far off realms of air—
Lovers of the skies, which, with a touch, to earth can draw them;

And of how the singing voices overcame to southern seas,
Till their melody, like distant music, vanishes in the upward skies.

Reaches upward, reaches outward, like an everlasting tide,
Till it sweeps the vain expanse of the region glorified.

Come and be it, Lady; for a season lay aside
All your languorous of birth, and your heritage of pride;

Even slight your lady, and not forsooth—the flowers,
The wind, the angels, and the stars to yonder azure towers.

I will teach my low-strung lyrics, while many memories
Shall be as spirits from Ophir, on the flowing waves of song.

Then my lyre shall be the cadence of the summer's sighing wind,
From their low, far-away lands, to the remotest days of old.

And when there are no feeling discovered to this wondrous world of ours,
And new feeling pleasant emotions shall be again in the flowers—

When the sweet Friends return soon to broken and desert lands,
And the day when wisdom shall be old and old age shall be young.

Then shalt on, and above us, an enchanted silence falls,
Like the spell that ever lingers around ruined castle walls.

Then my lyre shall be the cadence of the summer's sighing wind,
And an angels will, so you will, Lady, hence when I toll.

Now my harper have built them castles on the pleasant hills of Spain,
Floating in an ideal light sunlight, as a perfect Eden clime,—
And how I mine, like the star of eden, that was ever seen,
Kept ever leading on want, till it led me—unto thee.

Now I have built castles. I have built them on the cliffs of myrrh,
And offerings of frankincense are with the worshipper.

And I hear the tones in homage, pardon Lady Madeline,
And I have built them castles, and I have built them in sunlight,
And at night will, so you will, Lady, hence when I toll.

But all not like Solomon's music, where the Shulem'ite stood amid roses,

Child as any Arabic tendency—cold and senseless all, as they,
Perhaps, in their dreams, dreamed of the beauties of Lebanon.

Great still! I read all vainly for an answer in my quest;
I only found a mystic story, but no soul is in the soul.

I have framed a glorious image, but it has in vain now,
For I read the moors you bear are on the white page of your brow.

I will leave your royal presence; but wherever you may wander—
In the circles of the noble, in the castles of the land—

You will still behold the vision, that you lightly shut your eyes
And the angels will, so you will, Lady, hence when I toll.

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Floating in an ideal light sunlight, as a perfect Eden clime,—

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CLOUDS.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S EXPERIENCE.

When Stephen Holmes and Grace Lee were married, all their friends and acquaintances predicted for them a life of more than ordinary happiness. In birth, education, wealth and position they were equals; their tastes and habits of mind seemed similar; their views in religion, and on all the great moral questions of the day, were the same unison; they were married with the full approval of their several families, and were devotedly attached to each other. Surely one would look almost vainly for other elements of domestic happiness.

Hand in hand the two—them happy young lovers were,—"Journeying all, others," over earth's green and the homes of their youth. The sunlight of hope fell brightly on the path on which they placed their willing feet, and they feared no discord or clouds. How beautiful life seemed to the two made one! Each day by day, they found in heart down its long ritual.

The pleasant excitement of bridal presents and bridal tours were over at last, and then followed the battle of housekeeping settled into home. Before the honeymoon had waned, Grace was a housekeeper—the daintiest and sweetest that Stephen ever saw. It seemed to her at least half a dozen times daily. Grace had been carefully instructed by her excellent mother in that and many all of all womanly accomplishments, housewifery, and though all plenty of servants, she was careful to look after all their doings, and to let her taste and love of order make itself apparent in all her household arrangements. Stephen had always lived in his father's house until his marriage, and his bachelor domicile to a great degree resembled most young men of his acquaintance. His mother was well pleased to see that his bridal home was not even better than he had loved hers.

"Well, this is comfortable!" said Stephen, as on the first day after the ceremony after his marriage, he entered the parlor on his return from his tours.

Grace had met him at the door, and, with his arm thrown lightly around her waist, had led him to the parlor, where a bright coal fire was burning, throwing ruddy gleams upon the walls, and making the profusion of pictures and gilded frames of the pictures glow through the twilight gloom that had overtaken the day, and crept out and silently upon the rug, gazing at the fire, until Stephen spoke suddenly:

"Grace, dear, I brought home the new book you were speaking of this morning. I quite enjoy the thought of reading it to you this evening, besides the bright fire?"

"But, Stephen, you know we are engaged this evening to Mrs. Graham," replied Grace.

"Engaged, are we! How stupid! These everlasting parties are becoming a terrible bore. What is the use of a fellow having a pretty wife and a pleasant home, if he is to leave it for one every evening, and go to exhibit the other to a staring, stupid crowd? Can't we stay at home this evening, Grace?" said Stephen, casting a rueful glance at the brilliant fire and the beautiful room, and his own gorgeous yellow satin easy-chair, in his chosen corner.

"No, dear, I think not. The party is given expressly for us, and Mrs. Graham is one of mamma's oldest and dearest friends."

"But can't you send a 'regret'—something about 'indisposition,' do? I am sure I have a very decided indisposition for going."

"You horrid puritan!" said Grace, tapping his cheek with her fair fingers, and following the infliction with a kiss. "I would not send a 'regret' if I had a reasonable excuse, after this. You shall cure your indisposition by dancing with the prettiest woman at Mrs. Graham's to-night."

"Which of course would be my own Grace," the lover-husband answered, and added, as the waiter threw open the door and announced dinner, "Because, you incorrigible little goddess, that you don't lead your husband into habits of dissipation, and make him prefer any place to his home."

"Ah, there is no danger of that," answered Grace, smiling, and hanging on her husband's arm, her husband's handsome face, "the lazy fellow prefers his dressing-gown and slippers, and a seat in his own chimney-corner, too much for that."

"And the waiter of his little wife," said Stephen, as he took his place at table.

The words had been lightly uttered, but in after times their memory returned to Grace like a mournful prophecy of evil.

Nevertheless, the many an autumn evening the two sat by their own pleasant fireside, or welcomed their friends there, and fell and found no change. That was when all the parties to the bride-feast had been given, and Stephen and Grace Holmes had established quite a quiet married pair.

Among the young friends of Grace, who had married, were more than one whom Stephen had contracted, while single, habits very different from those of Stephen Holmes. More than one of them heard their position contrasted with her own more fortunate one, and when she looked upon the pale, anxious faces of the care-blooming girls who had been her companions before the responsibilities and the cares of life had fallen upon them, and congratulated herself upon her own happiness, and her heart swelled proudly with confidence that nought could mar her prospects.

She knew that she was not too patiently to bear sorrow; but she did not fear it, for surely, with all the first anniversary of her marriage had been celebrated, and still Stephen was her own devoted and attached husband.

But, as was inevitable, there came at length a slight change. Grace was still to Stephen the first earthly object; he had literally forsaken all to cleave unto her, but the parties still did not lack a very strong.

The social winter of their marriage came, and Grace was confined almost entirely to the house by indisposition. Stephen was the very soul of her husband, but Grace thought it a little hard that he should entertain all the ladies of the vicinity, and leave her with not a mother or sister, and go to spend an evening at a party, or with some of his bachelor acquaintances, if possible, that she was sometimes a little feeble and querulous—that she constantly declined going, from nervous to have any company in the house—that she often left her husband to entertain in the chamber, or to hold them mysterious conferences with one of the mammas, or some matron of her acquaintance, while Stephen dozed over the daily paper, and yawned away the long hours until tea-time.

If she had been a little more reasonable, she would not have expected her husband to act unreasonably, to change the monotony of his by going into society; or, by seeking the bachelor apartments of some of his friends, to indulge in the one forbidden pleasure of his home—a good cigar.

But Grace was equally jealous of Stephen's bachelor friends, and the fascinations of the fair girls, wed. She would have been jealous of anything which diverted Stephen's thoughts for an instant from herself. Her disposition was one that could look upon the face which once, not long before, had worn only smiles for her, and see in it the semblance of his heart. The little cloud was gathering over the life-path of the wedded pair.

In the spring Grace removed to the country residence of her father-in-law. They remained there during each week Stephen came to visit her, and gradually the clouds cleared away from their lowering hours. At length the cloud was lifted from them, as their joyful hope arrived at fruition when Grace became the mother of a little one. Both parents were too happy to give one thought to the slight misunderstandings of the past months, but if the thought had intruded it would have been banished when the eye rested upon the little creature who had come to be the bond of a closer link between their already united hearts.

Winter came again, and the family were settled in their city home. The health of Grace was delicate, and she was devoted to her child, and declined society, and seemed to grudge every moment of absence from the nursery.

It was a lovely night—a mild fall, young mother tending fondly over the baby that had already learned to know her, and that would be to her ever to her arms, with its pretty eyes fixed upon her face, and the expression of perfect peace upon its delicate features, that so seldom is seen upon the countenance after the period of early childhood is past.

In her devotion to her child, Grace no longer made her husband the first object of her care and affections. She often left him quite alone through the long winter evenings, while she sat with the baby and watched her sleeping babe, where she would not allow him to come lest he should disturb her slumbers. Stephen felt himself in a powerful and intense, and made constant demands on companionship. He was not sufficiently for the intellectual employment. He cared little for books, unless the treasure were first read and shared. He was by no means wanting in an intelligent appreciation of what he read, but his mind was, to a certain extent, passive, and could be roused by the sympathy of a quicker intelligence.

So the evenings seemed dreary after he had opened through the volumes of the evening paper. His grew dull in the unnatural stillness of the house, where all sounds not actually necessary were forbidden by the nervous fears of the mother. He could not help contrasting his large cozy parlor, beautiful and exquisitely ordered in the days of bachelorship of Grace still caused them to be, with the cheerful home-sitting-room, in the basement floor, where parents and brothers and sisters gathered every evening in a cheerful intelligent circle, where there was sprightly conversation, and merry-ing looks, and, above all, music which he dearly loved.

So, often, he would go out and find himself tipping at his father's door, and be welcomed to the circle with a gladness marred by a sort of silent feeling that showed that he was no longer entirely in harmony with those who gathered there. The new interests, the other home had divided him from the associations of his childhood and youth, and it was quite impossible that he should ever be perfectly reinstated there.

Sometimes Grace would come down to sock him, and find the parlor quite deserted, the gas turned down, the cheerful glow of the fire buried beneath the gathering ashes, and Stephen's tall green chair leaning back, in the distance, from his favorite corner. She would go away with a frown, and when Stephen came home, anxious to tell her something of the cheerful doings at his father's, he would usually find her in too deep a slumber to be awakened.

"I cannot imagine," said Grace, in a fretful tone, to the elder Mrs. Holmes, who had accompanied her to the nursery to look at the baby, "I cannot imagine why Stephen should wish to go home every evening. I do every thing in my power to make his own home pleasant to him. I am sure he has a bright fire, and his newspaper, and dressing gown, and slippers ready for him before he comes home. It is true I have to go to the nursery often, and leave him alone, but it is only the evening. I find the parlor deserted, whether Stephen, or I, have spent evening after evening round to mother's. It is mortifying to me that he should find his old home so much more attractive than mine."

Mrs. Holmes made no reply, for she saw that Grace was not in a state of mind to be counseled with, and she was aware, also, that young wives are sometimes jealous of the interference of a mother-in-law.

The conversation turned upon other subjects, and the elder lady soon took her leave. Before she reached home she had resolved to speak to Stephen in a quiet manner, and counsel him. She did so, forbearing to blame Grace, but urging him to endeavor to reconcile matters. She did not note more time to him, during his evenings at home, and something to make the evening hours of its really excellent nurse and accompany him into society.

Stephen took his head ruefully, for he was sure, from having not frequent rebuffs, that his persuasions would be unavailing.

"Grace thinks it her duty, mother," he said, "to devote herself to the little Arthur, and I suppose she plants herself upon the word 'duty,' there's no marrying her. By evenings, somewhere, are concerned, I shall find her in the nursery. She will watch and the beating of her heart, she keeps the room so confoundedly hot that I am always half asleep when I am watching, should be awkward."

"Stephen, my son, you are jesting, but there is something freely of evenings, and I can't endure society alone, so I'm not to be considered at, I come here, especially as Grace won't let me see it in the nursery with her, when I could get a peep at my boy sometimes."

"But, Stephen, I really think you should not leave your own home so much as you do. I am sure would not have Grace feel that our influence over you was greater than her own."

"She knows well that nobody has half the influence over me that she has. But I do think she has some of his bachelor acquaintances, if she would look other society."

The unsatisfactory manner the conversation ended. Stephen came less often to his mother's, and the evenings were seldom spent at home. Night after night Grace came down to find the parlor empty. He ceased to inform her where his evening was to be spent, for he found it was vain to momentarily distort the fair brow of Grace beneath displeasure. Almost the only question he could ask, any questions, while her husband with equal would not have received a satisfactory response.

Mrs. Lee saw that a cloud had arisen in the horizon of her daughter's happiness, and soon discovered its cause. She was not slow to see that she was as little heeded as that of Mrs. Holmes to her son. She was a kind, mirthful woman by nature, in the circles in which the three families moved, of being the entertaining member of the party. She had but recently become a resident in the city, but who brought, from her former home, the reputation of being a social soul, and she was not slow to speak up with matronly.

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Mrs. Lee was a widow, and her only daughter was her idol. Grace was not a favorite of mine, but she could not help seeing that Stephen was not at home as much as he had been, and that Grace was not as much as she could wish. She was not blind to the fact that Grace was not as much as she could wish. She was not blind to the fact that Grace was not as much as she could wish. She was not blind to the fact that Grace was not as much as she could wish.

Miss Lowe was very beautiful, and she possessed that peculiar style of manner, coupled with affection of a sweet timidity and lack of confidence in her own understandings of the proprieties, for the most covert and fascinating of batteries. Some of the strongest and would-be wise men are fascinated by it. Stephen Holmes was not one of them, though modest delight with which she listened to his conversation, when they were together, could not be much more agreeable than his friends were to her. She was pleased that he should like her, and seemed to grudge every moment of absence from the nursery.

It was a lovely night—a mild fall, young mother tending fondly over the baby that had already learned to know her, and that would be to her ever to her arms, with its pretty eyes fixed upon her face, and the expression of perfect peace upon its delicate features, that so seldom is seen upon the countenance after the period of early childhood is past.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

LITTLE ELLIE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Darling little Ellie,
Mind of heart and brain—
What, I often wonder,
Will the future make of her.

Where will be the roses
That make her cheeks so red,
When years with their harsh touches
And brain shall have fed?

Herring with the sorrows,
As if to reward the form
On the floor at sunset,
Sleeping on his arm.

Torn and faded jacket,
Face brown and bare,
Shoeless heeling in his step,
And laughed in his hair.

In his little eyes,
Like the sun in the corn—
Rising on the brown,
Running down the morn;

Wading in the water,
Working moss-mills—
Chasing through the meadows,
Raising dust hills.

Making strings of dog-fennel,
Heads for bees,
All to see his kite fly
Higher than the trees;

Running, long afterdusk,
With nameless noise,
Here, when sweet fun failed,
He'd have a shot and ride.

Grassily panting over
Each sidehill into place—
Working, not tugging,
And silencing like a man.

Now upon grandchildren's knee,
Listening with bright
To the stories that were
Every day and night.

Now, with grandchildren's leg
In silence his fingers,
Tapping chair to silence,
Idly rising into town.

Ah, the wisely settled for me
That we cannot see
What in years that are to come
His will grow to be.

GRANDMAMMA'S STORY.

Once upon a time, half a dozen cousins were gathered together in a pleasant country house. They were all young girls and boys, by invitation, to spend several weeks of autumn with their grandparents in their home. So long as the rain did not prevent lengthened rambles through the fields, and along the hillsides, and among the yellow, rustling leaves, and in the moist depths of the old woods, they had been merry and gay; but when a long autumn storm set in, and one day, and the next day, and the next day, and the next day, the rain fell, and the wind sighed around the old house, they one and all succumbed to the dreary influence.

There were frowns on white brows, and red lips pouted, and musical voices grated in fretful tones. The exhausted very soon all the resources furnished by that old house for their amusement, all but books, and even their bright eyes would tire of poring over the most interesting volumes afforded by their grandfather's library. If they had only been something resembling sensible to-morrow, their spirits would not have flagged. But there was the door old grandfather, his antiquated gardener, who was blind of an eye and lame of a leg, and a couple of awkward fare laborers, who were evidently out of the young ladies' line of vision, decidedly about the premises. Paradise would not have been beautiful to live without an Adam, and Mandalay, lovely as it was, lovely weather, lacked this charm to her daughters. Imagine, then, what it was when the splendid rapid.

The girls were all gathered about the fire on that dreary afternoon. The gray country dusk was over, the clouds had been consulted, but their leaden, expressionless visages returned no hopeful response. In vain, rain, rain, rain, and the wind howling the great drops and wet leaves against the window-panes, driving black into gravel walks turned into muddy water-courses, the country gig, driven slowly through the misty road, with the doctor himself inside, wrapped in oilcloth, and partly sheltered by a big, black umbrella—these were the sounds that met the sight on that dreary day.

Within, the room would have looked cheerful, if might, in that dim-colored atmosphere, could have worn a cheerful look. The room was a pretty, bright carpet, pictures on the walls, luxurious chairs and lounges, books in plenty, and a blazing fire of wood upon the hearth. And, indeed, there were six young faces, some fair, some dark, some beautiful, some only pretty, some quite plain, but all with that greatest of earthly charms, the radiance of early youth, still lingering about them.

The girls yawned and dawdled about, tried to sew and tried to read; yawned, and threw their gold bracelets rolling along the miniature tournament that filled the garden seat; and the more and more a discontented air, until the door opened and the grandmother entered. Then their faces light ed up, books and work were thrown aside, while they all surrounded this beloved friend.

One brought her chair near the fire, another arranged her footstool, another took up the dropped stitch in her knitting-work, so that no one could find nothing useful to do caught her hands, or crowded the white hair from her brow with outstretching fingers.

"Oh, grandmamma, tell us a story," they all cried; "please tell us a story!" and the old dame, Grandpapa is taking his afternoon nap, and we shall have plenty of time. Won't you, dear grandmamma?"

"And let it be a love-story, just for this once, grandmamma!" cried Rose Clifford, the youngest and prettiest of them all, and when she had uttered the words, she blushed as much as her face behind her sister's arm.

Grandmamma smiled. How was her pet, and Grey all knew the doctor's request would be granted when she answered—

"No, never mind, Rose. Love is the stormy place in which woman's life expands. You are not coming to a fine recognition of your destiny."

Then grandmamma pondered, and they knew that she was gathering, in her own mind, the scattered events of the past, and shaping them out. She seldom talked of love to them, so the most interesting subject. This gentleman was slight by stately, and of the old school, and quite averse to calling "young girls' heads with notions."

Shall I tell you about my first lover?" she asked, at length. "Are you sure you will like to hear?"

"Oh, do, dear grandmamma," they all cried, "tell us how people made love in the days of hoops, and trains, and powder and hackles. Those old pictures look so stately, one cannot fairly realize how and women undignified enough to fall in love, and not as some modern lovers do," and here the bright eyes were directed, an almost blushing battery, toward blushing Lucy May, the only one of all the cousins who had a veritable lover, and was engaged.

Grandmamma smiled again.

"The lover I shall tell you of," she said, in a voice wonderfully soft—a softness borrowed from the memories she recalled, as they afterwards knew, "was neither tall nor stately. He were no powder in his fair hair, and only the plainest of steel buckles in his shoes. He was only our schoolmaster."

"A schoolmaster, grandma!—only a schoolmaster?" cried little Rose, "why, I thought it would surely be one of those splendid colonels or majors in the British colonel, who wanded by country away to England as his bride. Ah, grandma! woman—has told me all those stories I know that our dear, kind, some grandma was a great belle and beau ty, once."

This time grandma blushed; she could not, even now, hear of her former beauty and triumphs unmoved.

"He was only a schoolmaster," persisted grandmamma, after a pause, and a little proudly, as they thought. "He came well recommended to our country, which, in turn, recommended him to the selectmen of our town, who were seeking a teacher. My father was one of the selectmen, and the other they had agreed to leave Arthur Middleton, he invited him to make our house his home until he could please himself better. So he boarded there for the first year under which Arthur Middleton dwelt in our town was my father's."

"I was not pleased when I heard that my father had brought in this guest. I had learned some great deal at home, and I had been the most favored pupil at school; and I determined in advance to practice the most chilling reserve upon the day, who had, and the wind sighed around the old house, they one and all succumbed to the dreary influence.

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"My father had said that he was a poor student, the son of a widow, who had denied herself all but the barest necessaries of life to send him to training an education; that he had struggled through college, and was now about entering upon, to gain means to pursue the studies requisite for the profession he had chosen.

"I pictured to myself a pedantic fellow, mortified as a cultured reach of his poverty and as unconscious, ignorant of the usages and customs of society—awkward, vulgar, and uncouth; and I determined that he should find himself treated as once, by my manner, as a most respectful distance from myself.

"I was greatly surprised then, when, on being summoned to tea on the evening of his arrival, I saw a slight, but well-made man, talking with my mother. He rose as I entered the room, and bowed timidly as he was presented to me, and while a blush spread over his fair face, and he at once seemed to feel extremely conscious of his confusion, and did not again address me during the meal. I congratulated myself upon the effect produced by the first interview between us, and soon, which I had assumed for the occasion.

"I had the advantage over him in point of a very young girl for timid men, and I looked at him as if he were not a being worthy of notice. I looked at him as if he were not a being worthy of notice. I looked at him as if he were not a being worthy of notice.